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FIDELITY REWARDED.

Elegiac Thoughts,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THAT LATE USEFUL
AND MUCH LAMENTED

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL,

THE REV. THOMAS BRYSON,

LATE PASTOR OF THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH IN THE
NEW ROAD, ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST, LONDON,

WHO EXCHANGED WORLDS, APRIL 24, 1799.

AGED ABOUT FORTY YEARS.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS PIERCY.

He was a burning and a shining light.

JOHN.

Facilis descensus Averni;
Noctes atque Dies patet atri Janua Ditis;
Sed revocare Gradum superasque evadere ad Auras.
Hoc Opus. Hic Labor est.

VIRG.

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TO
THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
OF THE DECEASED;

THE ORPHAN,

TOGETHER WITH SURVIVING FRIENDS;

THESE LINES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

SOME there are who object to Panegyrics on the Dead. To such I would say, in the Language of Scripture, that, "*A Candle is not lighted to be put under a Bushel, but on a Candlestick, to give Light around:*" And our blessed Lord says, "*Let your Light so shine before Men, that they, seeing your good Works, may glorify your Father which is in Heaven:*" And if their Light ought to shine while they live, why not the Reflection of it after they are dead? Therefore, to the Redeemer's Praise, the Righteous shall be had in everlasting Remembrance.

Elegiac Thoughts.

1

LO! yonder lucid Orbs, in Order grand,
Receive Commission from their Maker, God ;
Their various Revolutions tell the Hand
Of Him who governs all Things with a Nod.

2

When with Amaze I view yon lofty Height,
The Abode of Him who ever reigns the same,
The grand cerulian Arch, I see the Might,
Glory, and Wisdom, of the great I AM.

3

When still with wond'ring Eyes I Earth survey,
The rolling Ocean, and the spacious Air,
Summer and Winter, Darkness and the Day,
Who with the LORD JEHOVAH can compare?

4

Seasons return, attentive to the Word
Of Him who gave the vast Creation Birth;
The sovereign Will of the Almighty LORD
Brought Man, the Creature, from his native Earth.

5

How can I live, and not with Love adore
The Almighty Author of the wond'rous Scene?
Angelic Myriads praise him evermore,
And from his Praise shall mortal Tongues refrain?

6

Wake ev'ry sleepy Pow'r, and loud proclaim
The beauteous Glories of Creation's Face;
But chiefly dwell on JESU's lovely Name,
And sing the Wonders of redeeming Grace.

7

Wonders that shone conspicuous in the Man, [Verse;
Whose Life, whose Death, demands some faithful
Left I should fail, I feel a mental Pain,
While I attempt his Virtues to rehearse.

8

Awake, my Muse, burst each seraphic Lay,
And sing of him whose Mem'ry lives tho' dead?
Who reigns triumphant, dress'd in bright Array,
Seated with JESUS, his eternal Head.

9

Now sing the Man, the Christian, and the Friend,
Who closely bound the Gospel to his Heart,
Who did the glorious Truths of CHRIST defend,
Till his great Captain said, In peace depart.

10

Now see the Hero to his Captain soar,
Borne on the Wings of everlasting Love,
See him safe landed on the heav'nly Shore,
With Joy unspeakable enthron'd above.

11

I can no more his valu'd Name conceal;
Bryson, the great, the truly great, is gone;
He who for JESUS shew'd such ardent Zeal,
What Heart laments not, but a Heart of Stone?

12

But Thanks to GOD, Sorrow is not alone;
For him we weep, and yet for him rejoice;
He fought the Fight of Faith, the Race he run,
Now reigns, thro' Grace, exulting in the Skies.

13

Then why thus weep when he so loudly sings?
Follow your Pastor to the Realms on high;
Set your Affections on celestial Things,
And strive to meet him in eternal Joy.

14

While here on Earth he labour'd in the Word,
Sweet Counsel dropt like Honey from his Tongue ;
The dying Love of his redeeming LORD
Was heard the constant Subject of his Song.

15

The Love of CHRIST fill'd his capacious Soul ;
He preach'd free, plenteous, and sovereign Grace ;
And now, till endless Ages cease to roll,
Enjoys the Vision of his Saviour's Face.

16

My Soul, while Death encompasses me around,
Erects to GOD, in CHRIST, her ardent Eyes ;
And almost wishes for some friendly Wound
To rush, and seize, the grand immortal Prize.

17

But wait awhile. God best appoints the Time ;
Wait the auspicious Hour, the happy Day :
Faith, keep in View, the bright celestial Clime,
And then my Soul exulting fly away.

18

Let yon refulgent Orbs revolving run
A few more Circles, thou shalt see thy Friend,
Who shone on Earth like the meridian Sun,
And with him live where Glory knows no end.

19

Love, Justice, Gratitude, conjunct require
My Pen to tell of one who shone so bright :
To JESU'S Praise I now shall tune my Lyre,
For this once burning, this illustrious Light.

20

All that he was he ow'd to sov'reign Grace.
Grace makes the Feeble strong, the Dumb to sing :
By Grace he liv'd, by Grace he ran the Race ;
To JESU'S Name then all your Tribute bring.

21

As when the Sun in bright meridian Blaze,
Scatters his splendid cheering Beams around,
So did his Voice the drooping Spirits raise ;
He sang of CHRIST, harmonious was the Sound.

22

His heav'nly Language, pointed, striking, grand ;
His noble Mind with useful Science fraught ;
One of the choicest Blessings of the Land ;
I want for Lore t'express, I want for Thought.

23

In him the Church of CHRIST sustains a Loss,
A Loss I'd almost said without Repair ;
But GOD can bring a Diamond out of Dross,
And raise the Sad from Mourning and Despair.

24

A faithful GOD hath promised to take Care
Of those who seek the Glory of the Cross ;
Of those who seek his Face with humble Pray'r,
His All-sufficiency makes up every Loss.

25

He is a Friend to those who fear a Foe ;
Eyes to the Blind, he makes the Lame to leap ;
He has a Crown unfully'd to bestow ;
Look then to JESUS, sing, and do not weep.

26

This Crown decays not like an earthly one,
Such a poor Bauble scarce deserves a Thought ;
But in Refulgence far outshines the Sun,
A Crown of Life, of Glory, dearly bought.

27

Bought with th' atoning Blood of CHRIST the LORD,
That flow'd resulting from eternal Love ;
For JESUS liv'd and dy'd, the Cross endur'd,
That guilty Sinners might be Kings above.

28

O let us mount on Faith as Eagles' Wings,
Press onward to the Mark, the heav'nly Prize,
And leave these fading sublunary Things ;
Forget the World, and seek celestial Joys.

29

This is a Scene of Sorrow, Sin, and Pain ;
O for the Wings of Doves to fly away !
Here Griefs beset without, and Fears within:
Come, heavenly Rest; come, everlasting Day.

30

Thou Rest supernal, in the Realms above,
Waiting the faithful Followers of the LORD,
With thee dwells endless Light, and Life, and Love,
With thee the faithful Preachers of the Word.

31

There *Bryson* shines, bright as the Morning Star,
His life was CHRIST, his Death eternal Gain;
His num'rous Flock enjoy'd his constant Care,
Till freed by Death, from Sorrow, Sin, and Pain.

32

You, his dear Church, who long have heard his Voice,
Well know the grand important Truths I speak,
His preaching often made your Hearts rejoice,
He fought that Honour which we all should seek.

33

He fought the Praise of CHRIST, the Good of Man,
His Eyes, his Heart, for you were fix'd above;
Tho' ling'ring with Disease and constant Pain,
He sweetly preach'd a Saviour's bleeding Love.

34

Can you forget the Music of his Voice?
In Love he labour'd for your noblest Good;
Make the same Gospel your eternal Choice,
Trust in the Merits of a Saviour's Blood.

35

His Language well became the sacred House;
Tho' young, how old, how faithful, and how wise;
Tho' dead, he calls on Ministers to rouse,
Shake off dull Sloth, and ope their drowsy Eyes.

36

His Love for you breath'd from him at the last,
But a few Moments ere he fell asleep;
How great his Care! but now his Days are past!
Yet let not this your Spirits wound too deep.

37

But rather say, the heav'nly Will be done,
JEHOVAH gave, JEHOVAH took away;
O may we all in his dear Footsteps run,
Till we arrive with him in endless Day!

38

Look forward to the grand, the solemn Hour,
When grisly Death shall summon you away;
The lowest Cot falls with the loftiest Tow'r,
Say, Am I ready? Do I watch and pray?

39

Can I, with Paul, count all the World but Dross,
To know the SAVIOUR as my joyful End?
Yes, I can bear the most distressing Loss,
If I win CHRIST, my everlasting Friend.

40

Is this your Character, or do you seek
Fame, Wealth, or Pleasure, from this transient Earth?
How is the mortal Mind diseas'd! how weak!!
To long for Things which have no real Worth.

41

Trifles that fade, and perish in their Use,
Not worthy of a momentary Thought!
Sinner, if thou the Grace of CHRIST refuse,
Eternal Woe will shortly be thy Lot!

42

The Time is short, the World will soon recede,
And Glory open to our wond'ring View;
The Tyrant, Death, is making rapid Speed,
Soon we shall bid expiring Life adieu.

43

Quickly our Flesh shall moulder in the Grave,
Quickly our Places never know us more;
The Good, the Bad, the Coward, and the Brave,
Must fall, for Death is waiting at the Door.

44

Perhaps this Night we close our sleepy Eyes,
And never more behold the Morning Light ;
With dismal Horror, or with glad Surprise,
Plac'd on the Left, or seated on the Right.

45

Send forth your Thoughts to JESU'S Judgment-seat,
And view assembled Worlds surrounding stand !
See Elements dissolve with fervent Heat,
And Heav'n and Earth depart at his Command !

46

A voice is heard—That Time shall be no more :
Now, impious Scoffers, where's his long Delay ?
Blaspheming Infidels, your Time is o'er,
Your Sov'reign comes ! Behold the solemn Day !

47

The Judge appears, array'd in bright Attire,
Attending Angels shout Him down the Skies ;
The Trumpet sounds ! Sinners are doom'd to Fire,
And Saints bid welcome to a heav'nly Prize.

48

How many faithful Lab'ers are no more !
How oft we see them carry'd to the Tomb !
Thus, they've a Passport to the heavenly Shore,
Convey'd by JESUS to their blissful Home.

49

O ye dear Heralds of th' incarnate LORD,
Their bright Examples strive to emulate;
Preach, with Fidelity, the sacred Word,
And to EMANUEL let all relate.

50

Publish, with Zeal, the Gospel of his Grace,
Labour in Love for each immortal Soul;
Exhibit JESU's heav'nly smiling Face,
Who heals the Sick, and makes the Wounded whole.

51

But tell the Sinner what his Crimes have done;
Shew him the awful Danger of his Way;
Shew him a SAVIOUR's Blood, that he may shun
The Path of Vice, and like th' Apostle * pray.

52

With unabating Fervour in your Mind,
Let Gospel Truths illustriously shine;
Be humble, plain, be condescending, kind;
May this your Glory be, may this be mine.

53

Keep the great Potter always in your View,
Without whose Aid we are as lifeless Clay;
Then Death may come, and all his Terrors too,
In vain they try to injure or dismay.

* Acts ix. and xi.

54

Their JESUS calls them to celestial Joys,
They hear his Voice, obey th' heavenly Call,
And with sweet Raptures mount above the Skies,
Enjoy their SAVIOUR, their eternal ALL.

55

What now remains ? what further shall I say ?
O let this solemn Providence impress
Deeply our Minds ; O let us not delay,
But seek CHRIST'S Kingdom and his Righteousness.

56

This Robe can screen us from a broken Law ;
Cloath'd with this spotless Vest we stand complete ;
And thus attir'd, safely from Earth withdraw,
And face JEHOVAH on the Judgment-seat.

57

Ye dying Men behold the op'ning Grave,
That dreary Place will soon be your Abode ;
The potent Arm of CHRIST alone can save,
Look then to Him, prepare to meet your GOD.

58

He who is wise will make the LORD his Friend,
Love and admire the Gospel's joyful Sound ;
He will consider well his latter End,
And seek Salvation while it may be found.

59

Seek CHRIST in preaching, seek Him in his Word,
 Seek Him by frequent, earnest, humble Pray'r;
 He is a promise-making, keeping, LORD,
 O seeking Soul, He will incline his Ear.

60

Thus then improve this transitory Day,
 These four important Things remember well;
 (For soon thy Soul shall wing herself away)
 Approaching *Death*, and *Judgment*, *Heav'n* and *Hell*.

61

Look upward, Saint, the glorious Day draws near
 When you shall bask in Beams of endless Love;
 The SAVIOUR shortly will again appear,
 And take his Chosen to a Throne above.

62

O may the Orphan* in her youthful Days,
 Be favour'd with the special Care of GOD,
 Walk in her dear departed Parents' Ways,
 Who once the Paths of their Redeemer trod.

63

O may she tread the same celestial Road
 That leads to Canaan's beatific Shore;
 There shall she see her Parents, and her GOD,
 And with them live and reign, to part no more.

* Mr. BRYSON left an only Daughter, about Eleven Years of Age.

64

O think how blest the SAVIOUR's Servants die,
They take their Flight to JESU's peaceful Breast,
And, with the numerous ransom'd Throng, enjoy
Uninterrupted, everlasting Rest.

65

Come LORD, and fill our Souls with heav'nly Love,
Come, dear Redeemer, JESUS, quickly come,
Come, and prepare us all for Joys above,
Come, and conduct us to our blissful Home.

AMEN.

THE LORD LIVETH!
